SOME NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito.

Another volume of memoirs relating to the Napoleonic era has appeared in Paris, and a translation is now published by the Scribners. From 1788 up to the downfall of the empire Count Miot de Melito was actively engaged in the diplomatic and civil service of France, and during most of that time he was in the habit of noting down his observations from day to day. After his withdrawal from public life he arranged and revised these notes, which, after the lapse of some sixty years, are here given to the world by his son-in-law, Gen. Fleischmann. By birth Count Miot belonged to the middle class, his father having been one of the chief clerks in the War Office, and but for the revolution the son would doubtless have occupied an equivalent position in the military administration. As it was, he profited by the opportunities which the republic and the empire opened to men of good education and abilities, yet he seems to have consistently professed moderate opinions, without regard to his personal advancement, and to have tolerated, without approving, the complete subversion of the old monarchy, and the subsequent usurpations of Bonaparte. We need not say that the sobriety of mind, which was not calculated to further his interests at a time when headlong partisanship was the best passport to favor, imparts unusual weight to his testimony and his judgment concerning men and events. He reports but little from hearsay, and he is careful not to vouch for anything which he has not seen or heard himself, so that the reader bears away from this book the conviction that the author is one of the most truthful and trustworthy witnesses who have been called on either side of the Napoleonic controversy. These notes of a statesman and diplomatist continually employed in grave public business have, of course, little in common with the disclosures of Mme. de Rémusat. The reader will look in vain for scandalous anecdotes or insinuations, but, on the other hand, he will obtain a great deal of important information regarding the public policy of Napoleon, derived from confidential intercourse with the Emperor himself, or with his brother Joseph, who seems to have been at all times Count Miot's friend and supporter.

The author was made Secretary-General to the revolutionary Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1793, and occasionally met at his chief's house the most famous leaders of the Mountain. He describes the impression produced on him by Danton, Legendre, Camille Desmoulins, and Robespierre, as they appeared in private life at the dinner table of a partisan. We can imagine the eagerness with which the young and obscure bureaucrat, whose own life was constantly imperilled by his conservative opinions, would watch from his unnoticed seat at the end of the table the features and the accents of the men who were objects of terror to a whole people, and who in turn feared nothing and nobody but one another. Danton, whom the young Secretary considered the most remarkable of all the personages named, had, he says, a hideous face. His proportions were athletic, and in that respect he was thought to resemble Mirabeau. But the complexion of the latter was of a livid pallor, while that of Danton was of a reddish brown, and his countenance was very animated; the tone of his voice was impressive; he spoke with warmth and energy that appeared natural to him. His elocution was fiery, and always accompanied by violent gesticulation. At table he generally struck the keynote of the conversation, and made frequent use of figurative expressions, such as "The chariot wheels of the Revolution will crush its enemies," or "The Revolution is like Saturn, it will devour its children." He felt profound contempt for the Girondists, regarding them as fools who had recoiled before the logical results of their principles. He made no secret of his love of pleasure and of money, and sneered at scruples of conscience and delicacy. Intrenched in the club of the Cordeliers, he believed himself to be unassailable. The cynicism of his morals exhibited itself in his language, for he despised the hypocrisy of some of his colleagues, and his sarcasms on this vice were principally directed against Robespierre, whom, however, he did not venture to name; nevertheless, it was easily to be seen that Robespierre was the enemy whom Danton most dreaded, while affecting to despise him. It was overconfidence that ruined Danton; he supposed himself sufficiently strong to leave Paris with impunity in the spring of 1794, for the purpose of passing a few days in riotous dissipation on an estate he had procured by his extortions in Belgium. On his return he found his influence had been completely undermined, and Robespierre, all powerful at the time, sent him to the scaffold. Passing over our author's account of Danton's followers, Lacroix and Fabre d'Eglantine, we reproduce the portrait of "Legendre, a Paris butcher of small stature, and deeply pitted with small-pox." Legendre spoke, we are told, with the greatest facility. Gifted by nature with extraordinary though quite uncultivated eloquence, his public speeches and his private conversation were alike full of original and happy turns. He was an ardent patriot, and defended the greatest revolutionary excesses, but Count Miot has no doubt that he acted in good faith and sincerity, following the impulses of a passionate but misguided love of liberty, and a mind never restrained by the curb of reason or reflection. "I often," says our author, "wondered at this man, when, on leaving the Convention, where he had supported the most bloodthirsty proceedings, he would return to private life and talk to us of its charms with an accent of truth impossible to simulate. He would speak of his own domestic happiness, of his wife and children, in the tone of the best of husbands and fathers, sometimes betraying his emotion by the tears that stood in his eyes." Legendre was a partisan of Danton, whom he regarded as the Hercules of the revolution, and whom he never wearied of praising when speaking of his talents in a public capacity. He blamed him openly, however, for his manner of life and for his luxurious tastes, and never joined in any of his disgraceful speculations. Animated discussions on the subject would frequently arise between them, and although Danton always turned the matter into a jest, and pretended to laugh at the preaching of his colleague, it was evident that the latter's words pierced to the quick. It is noteworthy that Legendre inspired such general respect that, notwithstanding his openly avowed attachment to Danton, it was not thought safe to include him in the indictment of the latter. And although, after Danton's death, Legendre continued to defend him, he was never proscribed, but was in a position to attack Robespierre on the 9th Thermidor and to contribute to his fall. Almost alone among the more enthusiastic members of the Convention, he escaped the fate which the revolutionists of that time had to endure. He died at Paris in 1797, being still a member of the Conseil des Anciens, and it was noted, to his credit, that he left no fortune behind him.

Camille Desmoulins was also among those who dined quite often at the house of young Miot's official superior. "His personal appearance was commonplace, nor did his conversation atone for his want of external advantages. Gloomy and silent, his countenance wore an expression of profound melancholy, and it was difficult to recognize the orator of 1789, who, standing on a chair at the Palais Royal, had, by his stirring speech, produced the great popular movement of that year. At the time when Miot was in the habit of seeing him, he was horror stricken at the terrible scenes which passed before his eyes every day, and was endeavoring to arouse a spirit of humanity. In several numbers of a newspaper edited by him he ventured—what required the greatest courage—to advocate a return to clemency. For these doctrines he was expelled from every patriotic club, and his gloom announced that he already foresaw the fate awaiting him. The few words that Desmoulins uttered at the dinner table were always inquiries or observations on the sentences rendered by the revolutionary tribunal, on the kind of death inflicted on the condemned, and on the most dignified and decorous way of meeting it. His presentiment was soon realized; he was included by Saint-Just in the indictment of the Dantonists, although no appearance even of complicity justified that strange combination. Brought before the revolutionary tribunal, Desmoulins expressed his astonishment at finding himself associated with rogues, and when asked his age, replied, "I am of the age of that good sansculotte Jesus, thirty-three years." He went to the scaffold in the same tumbril with Danton.

Robespierre our author saw but once, and then he seemed to have been included by accident or mistake in the company met to dine at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Elegantly dressed, carefully curled and powdered, composed in manner, Robespierre presented the most curious contrast with the disorder, affected neglect, and coarseness that appeared in the attire and manners of his colleagues. His deportment was grave, and he took hardly any part in the conversation, speaking only now and then a few sententious words. Miot thought he could perceive from the few remarks uttered by Robespierre that he especially desired to be distinguished as a great statesman. He spoke of the foreign relations of France, of the necessity of extending them, and of making a fresh alliance with Switzerland. The author recalls this incident to show that even then Robespierre flattered himself he might become the head of the Government.

It was in June, 1796, that Miot, who had made himself useful to the men who controlled the foreign relations of France, and who had been sent as Minister to the court of Florence, first saw Gen. Bonaparte. The latter was on his way from Brescia to Milan, and he dismounted to confer with Miot for a few moments. Our author tells us that he was "astonished at his appearance. Nothing could be more unlike the idea my imagination had formed of him. In the midst of a numerous staff I saw a man below the middle height, and of an extremely spare figure. His powdered hair, oddly cut, and falling squarely below the ears, reached down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a straight coat, buttoned up to the chin, and edged with very narrow gold embroidery, and he wore a tri-colored feather in his hat. At first sight he did not strike me as handsome, but his strongly marked features, his quick and piercing eyes, his brusque, animated gestures, revealed an ardent spirit, while his wide brow was that of a profound thinker." They talked of Italy, and Miot noticed that Bonaparte spoke French very incorrectly. For instance, he several times used the word amnesty for armistice, evidently supposing the terms to be synonymous. More than ten years afterward, when reading a speech from the throne, in December, 1804, the Emperor's faults of pronunciation were flagrant. He would add, for example, the letter T to the third person and S to the first person singular in the future tense, pronouncing thus: *Il serat* and *je serais*. Miot noticed that, even at that time, notwithstanding the insignificance of Bonaparte's personal appearance, every one maintained toward him an attitude of respect and admiration. He saw none of those marks of familiarity between the General and the other officers in attendance that he had observed in other cases, and which, indeed, was consonant with republican equality. Bonaparte had already assumed his own place, and set others at a distance. How determined he was to monopolize all the glory of his campaigns was made plain by several incidents. Thus Miot, having drawn up a proclamation to the French troops in Tuscany, gave offence by the expression "the commanders of the French army." Bonaparte erased the words with some irritation, remarking that the army had but one commander, and that was himself. On another day he happened to find Miot conversing with Berthier, the chief of staff. He at once dismissed Berthier, and told Miot that he desired a private conversation with him. "How long," he asked, "have you known Berthier? I see you are very familiar with him." Miot explained that they were both natives of Versailles, and had grown up together. "Very well," pursued Bonaparte; "but do you, like so many people, believe what I read in the foreign newspapers, that it is to Berthier I owe my success, that he directs my plans, and that I only execute what he has suggested to me?" "Not at all," replied Miot; "I know him too well to attribute to him a kind of ability which he does not possess. And if he did, he would most decidedly not give up the glory of it to you." "You are right," answered Bonaparte with warmth. "Berthier is not capable of commanding a battalion."

That Bonaparte was already thoroughly opposed to republican forms and ideas, and treated everything of the sort as idle dreams, was made plain to Miot in a remarkable conversation which he had with the General at Milan in 1797. Whether it was owing to the confidence with which Miot inspired him, or whether he was carried away by the longing he frequently experienced to give expression to the ideas crowding upon his brain, it is certain that Bonaparte spoke with entire frankness of his projects for the future. "What I have done up to this," he said, "is nothing; I am only at the beginning of the course I must run. Do you imagine that I triumph in Italy in order to aggrandize the pack of lawyers who form the Directory, and men like Carnot and Barras? What an idea! A republic of thirty million men! And with our manners, our vices! How is it possible? That is a fancy of which the French are at present full, but it will pass away like all the others. What they want is glory and gratified vanity; but as for liberty, they do not understand what it means. Look at the army! The victories we have just won have already restored the French soldier to his true character. To him I am everything. Let the Directory try to take the command from me, and they will see who is master. The nation must have a chief, and a chief rendered illustrious by glory, not by theories of government, by phrases and speeches which Frenchmen do not understand. Give them baubles; that suffices them. They will be amused, and will let themselves be led so long as the end toward which they are going is skilfully hidden from them." What this end was he intimated by explaining his unwillingness to conclude peace promptly with Austria. "Peace," he said, "is not to my interest. You see what I am, and what I can now do in Italy. If peace is made, if I am no longer at the head of the army which is attached to me, I must renounce the power, the high position I have made for myself, in order to pay court to a lot of lawyers at the Luxembourg. I do not want to leave Italy, unless it be to play a part in France similar to my part here, and the time has not yet come for that; the pear is not ripe." He went on to point out that there were disagreements in Paris. "One party is in favor of the Bourbons; I do not intend to contribute to its triumph. On the other hand, I am quite ready to weaken the republican party, and some day I shall do it for my own advantage, but not for that of the former dynasty. In the mean time I must act with the republican party. Moreover, if peace be necessary, in order to satisfy our Paris boobies, and if it has to be made, it is my task to make it. If I left the merit of it to another, such a concession would place him higher in public favor than all my victories have placed me." Count Miot assures us that these quotations contain the substance and the most remarkable expressions of a long discourse, which he at once consigned to paper.

In accordance with the policy outlined in the above words, Bonaparte proceeded for a time to back the revolutionary party in the Directory, and encouraged violent demonstrations of extreme political opinion on the part of his army. The army of Italy, indeed, gloried in being a revolutionary and citizen body, while that of the Rhine passed for an army of Messieurs. One division of Moreau's army, brought by Bernadotte from Germany to Italy, and distinguished by more polished manners, had become a subject of sharp jesting, often degenerating into serious quarrels. Bonaparte fomented these dissensions by constant sarcasms pointed at Bernadotte and Moreau.

The result of the revolution which took place on the 18th Fructidor was that the very men whose advancement he had furthered tried to get rid of Bonaparte by withdrawing him from his own army and making him commander of a new force stationed on the northern coast of France. In a private chat with Miot, soon afterward, Bonaparte made some striking comments on these events. "Do not imagine," he said, "that I resolved on supporting the 18th Fructidor because of any conformity of ideas with those of the men whom I sustained; I simply did not choose that the Bourbons should return, especially if brought back by Moreau's army and by Pichegru. I will not play the part of Monk myself, and I do not choose that others shall play it. But those Paris lawyers who have got into the Directory understand nothing of government; they are poor creatures; they are jealous of me, I know, and notwithstanding all their flattery, I am not their dupe; they fear more than they love me. They were in a great hurry to get me out of Italy, where I was the master, and more of a sovereign than commander of an army. They will see how things go on when I am not there. As for myself, my dear Miot, I may inform you I can no longer obey; I have tasted command and I cannot give it up. I have made up my mind if I cannot be master I shall leave France; I do not choose to have done so much for her, and then hand her over to lawyers." The risks to which Bonaparte believed himself, at this time, exposed in Paris, his dissatisfaction with the Directory, whose members dreaded his pretensions, confirmed him in the resolution to play an isolated part, and to seek at the head of an army the complete independence which the absolute power he had wielded in Italy had made a habit and a necessity. Thus the project of an expedition to Egypt, of which, according to Count Miot, the first idea was conceived and suggested by Monge, assumed consistency, and energetic measures were taken to carry it out. Bonaparte carried away the Government by his fiery speeches and the ascendancy of his reputation, and they, on their side, were glad to get him out of France at any price. Every preliminary was dictated by him, and the decrees of the Directory bearing on the Egyptian expedition were drawn up by his own hand. All the political and military combinations relating to this affair, so disastrous to the French navy, were Bonaparte's, and the Directory is to be reproached only with having consented to them. It appears that Bonaparte was betrayed by Talleyrand, who had agreed to go as ambassador to Constantinople and obtain the consent of the Porte—which had small reason to favor the Mamelukes—to the occupation of Egypt by France.

Miot was in Paris on the 19th Brumaire, when the Constitution of the year III. was overthrown and the Directory was supplanted by the Consulate. He confirms the statement of Lanfrey that Napoleon displayed great weakness when confronted by the tumult in the Council of Five Hundred, and that his attempt to play the rôle of Cromwell would have totally miscarried but for the intervention of his brother Lucien. The scene is thus described by Miot: "Bonaparte determined to enter the Assembly, but scarcely had he appeared when furious cries of '*Hors la loi!*' were heard. 'What does this man want?' was shouted on all sides; 'by what right does he enter here?' These cries, and especially the words *Hors la loi*, seemed to affect Bonaparte deeply; he withdrew, pale and downcast. His retreat increased the boldness of the Jacobin party, which then found itself in a large majority, and the minority, trembling and discouraged, gave up the contest. The most violent motions were offered in succession, and instantly carried. Lucien Bonaparte, who tried to apologize for his brother, and to excuse him on the ground of the importance of his past services, found it impossible to stem the torrent by which the Assembly was carried away. Lucien was withdrawn from his critical position by a picket of grenadiers, who took him from a committee room and escorted him outside the Hall of Assembly." When he reached the outer court of the palace, where the troops were assembled and under arms, Lucien perceived that force alone could complete what had been begun, and that his brother and himself must either perish or employ that last resource. He mounted his horse, and vehemently harangued the soldiers, denouncing angrily 'the daggers lifted against his brother;' then, taking advantage of the momentary enthusiasm he had kindled, he ordered a battalion of grenadiers to follow Murat into the Assembly. The soldiers charged, dispersed the Assembly in an instant, and drove the Deputies out of doors. When the troops returned to the courtyard they were received with applause, but the approbation was not unanimous, many of the spectators regretting that praise should be bestowed upon a deed repugnant to every lover of liberty. Some field officers even expressed their displeasure, and it was soon evident that had Lucien delayed his move a little the soldiers would have refused to obey. No one, we think, can read the account of these proceedings without being struck, as Miot was, with the small share taken by Napoleon himself in the events of a day which founded his immense power. Lucien was made Minister of the Interior under the Consulate, but the gross extortion practised by him in that capacity did much injury to his brother, and his dismissal was soon mooted. But the services he had rendered on the 19th Brumaire were still too recent for this extreme step to be ventured on. The First Consul would have been thought ungrateful, and so the matter was adjourned. Nevertheless the differences between the two brothers, which presently became manifest, date from the first months of the Consulate, and ended, as is well known, in an enmity which kept them long apart, and was scarcely extinguished even by the reverses which afterward befell the Bonaparte family.

It was, perhaps, a secret consciousness of the ruin which would have overtaken him on the 19th Brumaire but for Lucien's happy inspiration that led Bonaparte henceforward, more than ever, to attribute his success to his good fortune. The ideas of fatalism and predestination that he had introduced into his proclamations in Egypt he now endeavored to spread around him in France, and, believing in them himself, he wanted to make others believe in them. "Cæsar," he said on one occasion, "was right to cite his good luck and to appear to believe in it; that is a means of acting on the imagination of others, without offending any one's self-love." And just after Marengo he said to his brother Joseph, "Nothing has as yet happened to me that I have not foreseen; I alone am surprised at nothing that I have accomplished. Even so I can also divine the future, and by this means I shall reach the end I propose to myself." These fatalistic notions seem to have been shared more or less by all the family. Charles Bonaparte, the father, had died at Montpellier in his thirty-seventh year (when Napoleon, of course, was but a boy), of a long-standing chronic disease. Joseph Bonaparte, who was with his father in his last moments, often heard him, when partly delirious from pain, asking for his son Napoleon. "Where is he?" he exclaimed repeatedly; "where is my son Napoleon? He whose sword will make kings tremble! He who will change the face of Europe! He would defend me from my enemies. He would save my life." Joseph Bonaparte, who told Miot this anecdote, added, "I am almost ashamed of what I say to you, and certainly I would say it to no one but yourself. But the thing is certain. There exists, moreover, another witness to this singular fact—Fesch, my mother's brother; he as well as I was present at my father's deathbed, and can confirm what I have just told you." More reasonable than Napoleon's ideas of predestination was his lively appreciation of the part which opportunity plays in earthly accomplishment. He once said in Miot's presence that his brother Joseph had missed his opportunities, and that opportunities, when missed, did not recur; then he took a higher flight, and said that missed opportunities were the cause of great revolutions and of the overthrow of empires. It is well known that Napoleon repeatedly expressed a conviction that the downfall of the ancien régime had not been inevitable, and that in at least three conjunctures Louis XVI. and his Ministers might have saved the monarchy.

It will be remembered that during the first year of the Consulate Bonaparte pursued a very different policy toward the adherents of the Bourbons from that which he followed after the discovery of the Pichegru conspiracy. By the celebrated decree of Oct. 20, 1800, he reversed all the terrible legislation which, since 1793, had been levelled against the émigrés, and threw open to the exiles the gates of France. Apart from the confidence inspired by gratitude, on which he reckoned, nothing could be more adapted to confirm the First Consul's views than a curious circumstance which Miot relates, and which, if true, as he believes it was, may have decided Napoleon's line of action toward the émigrés. Miot wrote down the facts on the very day that he heard them from Joseph Bonaparte, with whom he was on terms of the most confidential friendship. "About three months ago," said Joseph, "the First Consul received from the Pretender (Louis XVIII.) a letter of four pages, written entirely in his own hand. It contains a kind of renunciation of the throne, but at the same time calls upon Bonaparte to consider whether, since he has been so great a benefactor to France, it would not be consonant with his greatness, his generosity, nay, even his humanity, to provide for the ultimate recall of the true heir of this ancient monarchy to the sovereign power by securing to him the position that would become vacant on the death of the present head of the Government. The letter also contains warm praise of our first magistrate, and states that commands have been laid on all royalists dwelling on French soil to remain perfectly quiescent, and neither to plan nor attempt anything against the existing Government." This remarkable letter had been seen by Joseph, but it was not in his possession. Miot did not, therefore, see it himself, but he does not hesitate to affirm that, if the statement be untrue, the falsehood cannot be laid to the charge of Joseph Bonaparte.

In 1801 Miot was sent on a mission to Corsica, which had recently been recovered from the English. He tells us that the people on the island knew not how to reconcile the surprising rise of Napoleon and his brothers with their still recent recollection of the Bonaparte family, which all the inhabitants of Ajaccio had known in a rank so far removed from their present greatness. The feelings of envy that were exhibited in Napoleon's birthplace at the very time when his fortune was so greatly in the ascendant gave Miot opportunities of acquiring some information touching the origin and precise social status of his family. It appears that the Bonapartes did really descend from a noble Florentine house. During the civil wars of Florence one of their ancestors withdrew to San Miniato, a small town of Tuscany. The last descendant of this branch was a Canon, who was still living at San Miniato, and whom Bonaparte visited when, in the year 1797, he went to Florence. Another Bonaparte settled at Sarzano, in the territory of Genoa, and from this branch proceed the Bonapartes of Ajaccio. The latter possessed some landed property there, and had always been regarded as distinguished by birth, if not by fortune. This is proved by two circumstances. Many years after the union of Corsica with France, which took place in 1769, Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, was sent to Paris as Deputy from the nobles; moreover, one of his daughters, Elisa Bonaparte, was educated at St. Cyr, a seminary to which only girls of noble birth were admissible under the ancien régime. As regards the social position of Napoleon's maternal ancestors, we are told that his mother, Mme. Letitia Bonaparte, whose beauty was most remarkable, was a Ramolino, a family of Ajaccio which was not considered to be noble. The mother of Mme. Letitia, who by birth was a Pietra-Santa, a family of very modest rank, had, on the death of Ramolino, her first husband, married a Swiss named Fesch, whose family were established as bankers at Basle. By her second marriage she had one son, afterward Archbishop of Lyons and Cardinal, who, of course, was half brother of Mme. Letitia, and consequently uncle on the mother's side of the First Consul.

On Miot's return from Corsica, his former intimacy with Joseph Bonaparte became yet closer, and from that period seems to date the implicit confidence which the latter never subsequently ceased to repose in him. To that confidence Miot owed his acquaintance with many secret facts which throw a strong light on the hidden springs that worked the marvellous drama of which Europe was for twelve years the spectator. As early as February, 1803, Joseph Bonaparte explained to his friend the form of the new monarchy which his brother intended to found. "To reign alone, and to assume a title which shall harmonize with those borne by the heads of European States is, with my brother, a fixed idea. He believes that his best course is to obtain from the docility and weakness of a populace that in his heart he despises for its servility all that a sovereign can exact, before he assumes a sovereign's title; for he is convinced that when once the reality of power is obtained, the step which merely confers a denomination of that power is easy. He has hesitated long between the title of King and Emperor, but has at last decided on the latter." Joseph accounted for the choice by pointing out that in the public opinion of Europe the idea of a King implies a rule modified to a certain extent by an aristocracy, an intermediate caste, and an order of succession which, in some degree, compensates by its stability for the disadvantages of arbitrary power. He who bears the name of King is himself fettered by customs which he cannot always bend to his caprice; and an established system of heredity, by naming the successor beforehand, rallies malcontents round the heir apparent, and gives rise to hopes which are independent of the actual ruler. "Such a system," Joseph went on, "does not suit my brother. He intends that, with the exception of himself, all shall be equal; that his head only shall rise above the level at which all others, without distinction, shall remain; that no intermediate body shall interfere with his authority; that the internal peace and security conferred on the French nation shall be so exclusively his work that the imagination can conceive nothing but trouble and confusion on looking beyond it; that uncertainty as to his successor shall embarrass contending parties, while the power of appointing or changing that successor will be an effective means of attaching to himself all those whose fame or influence might render them dangerous enemies. The rank of Emperor, and the ideas formerly associated with that title (which, in the case of the German empire, was elective), suits my brother's views. No heredity, no reigning family, no intermediate caste. No apparent changes in the existing order, for the Senate is to remain, and in that body, presided over by himself, and the submissive instrument of his will, the phantom of national representation may still be suffered to exist. Lastly, even the word republic may survive; the vain semblance of that form of government will still console those who go straying about trying to realize the dream of it in the midst of a frivolous and corrupt people, ruined by seductive theories.'

These intentions of the First Consul, and especially his aversion to an hereditary system, which would have inseparably associated his family with his own greatness, were deeply displeasing to his brothers, and were the origin of the dissension and enmity that shortly afterward broke out among them. Joseph, on his part, made no effort to conceal from his friend Miot his vehement indignation. "He shall deceive me no longer," he exclaimed; "I am sick of his tyranny, of his vain promises, so often repeated and never fulfilled. I am a man, and I intend him to discover that there are some who dare to refuse submission to his caprices. I shall join Siéyes, even Moreau, if need be—in short, every patriot or lover of liberty who is left in France—to escape from such despotism." This ebullition of passion was followed by further confidential revelations. Joseph told Miot that, wishing to induce his brother to adopt the hereditary principle, he had pressed him to put away his wife and to marry again, and that he had recapitulated the various arguments in favor of this proceeding. Then he added these remarkable words: "You hesitate?" said Joseph to the First Consul; "well, what will be the consequence? Why, that should any natural cause bring about the death of your wife, you will pass for her poisoner in the eyes of France, in those of Europe, and in mine, who know you well. Who is there that will believe that you have not done what it was so clearly your intent to do? It is better to forestall these disgraceful suspicions. You are not really married; you have never consented to have your union with this woman consecrated by the Church; leave her for political reasons, and do not let it be believed that you have got rid of her by a crime." According to Joseph's story, his brother turned pale at this, and answered him in these words: "You make me conceive that which I never should have thought of, the possibility of a divorce. But toward whom, in such a case, should I turn my thoughts?" Joseph's answer was, "Toward a German Princess, or the sister of the Emperor of Russia. Only take this step, and you change your own position at once, and ours, without our even having to wait for the birth of a child. All is settled by such a marriage, the family system is established, and we are all on your side." We need not say that this advice was ultimately acted on, although it did not, by any means, meet the private purposes at first entertained by the First Consul. Napoleon's original intentions were also foiled by the refusal of his brother Louis to permit the crown of Lombardy to be bestowed on his eldest son, who, according to a scandalous report, was the fruit of an intrigue between Hortense and Napoleon. "So long as I live," said Louis to the Emperor, "I will neither consent to the adoption of my son before he has attained his legal majority, nor to any plan of placing him to my prejudice on the throne of Lombardy. So marked a preference would revive the rumors formerly circulated concerning the child. I am willing, if you desire it, to go to Italy, but on condition that my wife and children accompany me thither." Count Miot tells us that this refusal, and the tone in which it was uttered, enraged the Emperor to the highest degree. He seized Prince Louis by the body and flung him violently out of the room. Thus thwarted by his brothers, Napoleon protested that in spite of their endeavors, his wife should be crowned, and that he would seek for support in her family, since he could not find it in his own. He accordingly raised Eugène Beauharnais to the rank of Prince, married him to a Bavarian Princess, and made him Viceroy of Italy.

On the occupation of the kingdom of Italy by French troops, Napoleon directed Miot to go to Italy with his brother Joseph, on whom he had finally determined to bestow the Neapolitan crown. From this until the close of the year 1813, Count Miot continued to be the Minister and confidential friend of Joseph, first at Naples, and afterward at Madrid. That part of his memoirs which is concerned with his observations in southern Italy and Spain, gives a great deal of novel and interesting information regarding the circumstances under which it was attempted to establish Bonapartist thrones in those countries. Especially will the notes concerning the position of Joseph at Madrid, and the operations of the French armies in the peninsula, be found a useful supplement to Napier's history of Wellington's campaigns. We are constrained, however, to pass over this portion of the volume in order to glance at the last chapters, in which the author comes once more in contact with the Emperor himself, and witnesses the collapse of the despotism whose creation he had watched from the germ. Count Miot was with Joseph at the latter's country place near Paris when the news of the great disaster at Leipsic arrived, and when about a month afterward the Emperor reached St. Cloud his brother Joseph was bidden to a secret interview. Count Miot was not present, but immediately afterward King Joseph gave him all the particulars of this interesting meeting. It seems that the Emperor did not in any way reproach the King with his reverses in Spain; indeed, he could not have done so without injustice, for, as Count Miot demonstrates in these memoirs, those reverses were in great part his own doing. He made no reference to the past, but dealt entirely with the present and future. "My present position," he said to the King, "no longer permits me to think of foreign domination, and I shall deem myself fortunate if, on making peace, I can retain the ancient territory of France. Everything at this moment is threatening me with destruction. My armies are annihilated, and the losses they have sustained cannot be repaired without extreme difficulty. Holland is slipping from us irrevocably; Italy is wavering; the conduct of the King of Naples is causing us well-founded alarm—he is making terms with the English; Belgium and the Rhine provinces are also showing signs of discontent, and do not enter heartily into the views of the Government; the Spanish frontier is invaded by the enemy. At such a crisis as this, how is it possible to think of foreign thrones? Spain must be given up. You must return to the rank of a French Prince or withdraw entirely from public affairs. I shall restore Spain to Ferdinand; I shall give it to the Spaniards, on the sole condition of respecting the French frontier, and putting themselves between the English and us. I hope, after making so great a concession, to be able to withdraw my army from the Pyrenees without danger, so as to send it to Italy against the Austrians. All means are good to obtain such a result." Count Miot writes that at this date, Nov. 28, 1813, he had been far from thinking the situation so serious, or that the Emperor could be reduced to so desperate a resource; for, to his mind, it was perfect self-deception to imagine that by replacing Ferdinand on the throne he could make peace with Spain, and paralyze the movements of the English, as if by the stroke of a magic wand. As a matter of fact, the Emperor reaped none of the advantages he had hoped to secure by the transaction. Neither the English nor the Cortes considered themselves bound by the treaty concluded with Ferdinand; hostilities continued in the Pyrenees, and the war was carried on in that part of France after it had ended in every other.

It was natural that Count Miot should go into retirement after the restoration of the Bourbons, but on Napoleon's return from Elba he reëntered the Council of State. He was very much struck, he tells us, with the extreme moderation of Napoleon's language during the Hundred Days. He spoke a good deal, but in his discourses gave way to no recriminations against the Bourbons; he merely pointed out the faults they had committed, and repeated many times that but for the mistakes of the Government he would never have thought of returning to France. He said that he renounced the great empire, for the establishment of which he had worked during fifteen years, and that he abdicated the ambitious titles of King of Italy, Protector of the Confederations of the Rhine, and Mediator of the Swiss Leagues. But notwithstanding the sobriety of his words and demeanor, he did not, we are told, succeed in dispelling distrust. Count Miot, who was deputed to visit the west of France in a political capacity, found the country extremely disaffected to Napoleon, and it proved impossible to organize any large number of troops. The news which he brought back, and which was confirmed by reports from other provinces, greatly disconcerted Napoleon. "The Emperor," says Miot, "was no longer what I had seen him formerly. He was moody. The confidence that of old had manifested itself in his accents, the tone of command, the lofty ideas that inspired his words and gestures, had disappeared. He seemed already to feel the hand of adversity that was soon to weigh so heavily upon him. He had already ceased to reckon on his destiny."

Count Miot was in Paris when the news of Waterloo arrived, and he seems to consider that the Emperor's second abdication, which immediately followed that defeat, might perhaps have been avoided. Prince Lucien, who had been reconciled to his brother in the hour of misfortune, evinced the same resolute spirit which had distinguished him on the 19th Brumaire. He urged the Emperor to get on horseback, and at the head of his followers to march on the Chambers, dissolve them, and declare himself Dictator. But the Emperor's former energy seemed to have deserted him, and he hesitated to take this extreme step. Count Miot is of opinion that Lucien's plan offered some chances of success, and that, as regarded the Emperor's fame, it would have been indisputably the most glorious way of ending his career.

M. W. H.

POETRY WORTH READING.

The Way of the World.

I climbed the mountain to-day whose height
So long had mocked my climbing;
I wrote the poem whose subtle soul
Had long escaped my rhyming;
But the purple mist of the mountain top
Faded as I drew near it,
And the poem, alas! how poor the garb,
I gave to its glorious spirit.

Yet men will climb to the mountain top,
Though climbing dispels the glory;
And poets will sing, though still they fail
Of telling the perfect story.
The rose will bloom and the oak will grow
To the bud's and the acorn's rising;
And men and women will dare to love
Though love be its own undoing.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

Harvest.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea,
Oh, hush and hear!
Sweet, sweet and clear,
Above the locust's whirr
And hum of bee
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow grass
The innocent white daisies blow,
The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro—
The unquiet spirit of a flower,
That hath too brief an hour.
Now doth a little cloud all white,
Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm blue sky;
And now on the horizon line
Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing, half revealing, things divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere—
Life and death must share,
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end—
Honored philosophy,
Science and art,
The bloom of the heart.
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make Thou the harvest of our days
To fall within thy ways.

NELLIE HUTCHINSON.

In Holland.

From the Irish Times.

The seas of wheat, the flax field green,
The willow fringe along the sky,
The clustering spires, in distance dim,
The red-tiled hamlets, clear and trim,
The chateaux with their terraces high,
That over russet woods are seen—
Sink in the southern clouds which lean
Upon the brown land's level line,
Or castled mountains of the Rhine.

And norward on the horizon loom
The sandhills with their windmills gray,
Twinkling like midges in the glow
Of the long, level sea light low,
Where Amsterdam, Bergen-op-Zoom,
And Holland's pastures spread through day,
With many a branching waterway;
To where the white surge curlingly
Rolls from the azure Zuyder Zee.

More red-tiled towns in trees embowered,
Cathedrals which museums are;
Great picture galleries where bloom
The hues of Rubens rich, and gloom.
Scenes that in Rembrandt's brow have lowered,
Scenes which appear as though they were
Painted by night's hand and a star;
And Potter's landscape, sweet with kine,
And feeding for dumb life, divine.

Interiors by Jan Steen, with dame
And Flemish cavalier, where glow
Cloaks crimson 'mid the sheen of steel
And petticoats like lemon peel,
And robes that shift in silver flame
Of satin stiff and glossy white,
And crinkled laces in the light;
And in the shadow, china sets,
And nut-brown carved cabinets.

There, too, the gray-green swinging seas
Of Vandervelde, with their fights,
The curling smoke of broadsides, red
Flame jets, confusions, drownings dread;
And shattered masts, sails drooping dead;
Or high-pooped stately argosies
Returning after voyage flights
Deep weighted with China's silk and tea,
Or Ceylon's spice and ivory.

From pictures past to present time,
From city sight to rural scene
We turn, and dream with beer and wine,
And [illegible] fresh fields of quiet kine,
There shaded hamlets, quaint and clean;
And Holland's race, staid and serene,
Whose industry and force, I ween,
Have conquered ocean to maintain
A home beneath, as on the main.

T. C. IRWIN.

Courtship.

From the Boston Transcript.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
As he was strolling down;
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling but a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two,
Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained, they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
When, braving hail and snow,
One blushing soul came through the door
Where two went up the aisle.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

The Almond Tree.

From the Westminster Review.

My love was out in the garden,
Under the almond tree,
All in the blush of blossom
That bows for the honey bee.
I came up over the daisies,
Before she could turn to see,
I caught her hand and I kissed it
Under the almond tree.

She flushed like a rose in summer—
She stepped aside from me;
"I am young," she said, "and happy,
And I pray you let me be."
"To be happy," I said, "it needeth
That a man and a maid agree."
And I turned and left her weeping
Under the almond tree.

She made a step through the daisies,
She called with a sob to me,
She said, "How can I be happy
If you are not there to see?"
I looked in her eyes and lingered;
Like blossom in May blushed she!
I clasped her close, and I kissed her
Under the almond tree.

MAY PROBYN.

Young Love Is Long Love.

From the St. Louis Republican.

With hazel eyes, so wondrous wise,
And careless waste of golden hair,
Such sweet child face, such winning grace,
As never other maid did wear;
Oh, such was she whom first I loved,
Such has no other being proved.

I wooed her long in tale and song,
And often she did near relent,
Then boyish haste would waste
My chance wrapped in bewilderment.
Oh, if I had such chance again,
I'd win although I lost her then.

I saw her late, upon her wait
Her children, bearded, grown-up men;
Her smile is sweet, whene'er we meet,
Though not so sweet as it was when
She was my queen and I her slave,
Too blest if but a smile she gave.

Maybe.

From the National Republican.

She leant across the stile,
With her merry golden smile
And her bonny brown eyes glancing
Through the green leaves a little while;
And he who loved her so
Watched from the path below;
But she tossed her head so daintily,
And laughed and bade him go.
Maybe! maybe! we cannot know;
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!

When the winds of March were loud,
And the skies were dark with cloud,
He had won her love forever,
And she trusted all he vowed;
But she wept against his heart;
"Oh, my darling, we must part,
For a barrier lies between us
Forevermore, sweetheart."
Maybe! maybe! we cannot know;
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!

And the years have passed away,
And they both are old and gray;
But the same sweet dream is in their hearts
Forever and for aye.
Oh, sweet and sad the pain
Of the love that will not wane!
So sweet, so sweet, because so true;
So sad because in vain!
Maybe! maybe! we cannot know;
Maybe! maybe! it shall be better so!

The Shadow of Death.

We wake with the morn, but the morn is not;
The shadow of Death is over the spot;
We cannot speak, we can scarcely breathe,
The mists far over the moorlands wreathe.

They talk in whispers beside the fire,
The flickering embers slowly expire;
The shouts of the children rise no more,
The clock stops short by the muffled door.

Deeper and darker the Shadow grows,
Chiller the current of feeling flows;
The touch of the Shadow is cold on the heart,
Its icy fingers will never depart.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

THE COTTON EXPOSITION.

What it Is and what it Means—A Survey of the Exhibition as it Is—The Men who have Worked for It—Its Prognosis.

ATLANTA, Nov. 12.—If any one supposes that the Cotton Exposition is a local fair, a Southern enterprise, let him with me, on this beautiful Indian summer morning, take a survey of Oglethorpe Park and its wonderful winter show. For this exhibition is in reality a winter resort for both Southern and Northern visitors intent on pleasure, amusement, instruction, or the pursuit of material interests. The entrance to the Park is on the terraced elevated plateau, usually represented as the background of the pictured representations of the Cotton Exposition grounds. Standing on this plateau in the midst of things from all parts of this country, below us are the main building, the Machinery Hall of the Exposition, Agricultural Hall back of that, Railway Hall, an immense "annex" to the north wing, with another "annex" back of it, the Public Comfort building, an annex to the south wing, and other buildings, restaurants, and special exhibit edifices, all of wood—Georgia pine. Every roof is gay with fluttering flags of all sizes, of all nations, with the Stars and Stripes surmounting the whole. The grass and flower gardens in the plateaus below us and on the terraces are as green and fresh as those of Central Park were in May. The trees in the distant background surrounding the lakes are just taking on their Indian summer liveries. The air is deliciously cool and soft, though bracing, for we are 1,050 feet above sea level. We are on that plateau just below the one generally designated as the land of the sky—that Cumberland plateau where the author of "Rugby" has planted his English colony of Rugby. Several enormous wooden buildings, also of Georgia pine, are on our right on the terrace. They are Art Industrial Hall, the Chattanooga Building, Judges' Hall, and, far down the slope, the Florida Building. These, like the main buildings in the level land below, are painted in delicate pearl-gray tones, pointed with Egyptian red, and decorated with flags. On one of the terraces at our feet is an antique windmill, 100 years old, brought by the Hecker Brothers of New York as a depot for their special exhibits. The Press Pavilion is on the terrace below. Much of the timber in all of these buildings were growing in the pine forests of Georgia not more than eight weeks ago. None of the buildings were standing or even "raised" four months prior to this date.

The exhibits of every description found within these buildings, together with their arrangement, must not be estimated from the above statement. It is true that they have been collected in this incredibly short space of four months' time, but after inspecting them we will look at the men and circumstances which have brought them together. In the centre of the main building, as I have said before, are collected the cotton machines, from gins to looms, and sewing machines, that stamp this fair as a Cotton Exposition. In the east wing are woollen machines and wool and cotton manufactured exhibits, embracing those from Texas to New England, and from Indiana to the Carolinas. Some of these, particularly from North Carolina and from Georgia, are of great merit and beauty. The cotton blankets and plushes manufactured in Columbus, Ga., are in greater demand in New York than can be supplied. Thousands of persons use these goods without knowing that they are of Georgia manufacture, the name being suppressed for business reasons. In the extreme ends of the north and south wings are exhibits of other machines, pumps, traction engines, circular saws, barbed wire fencing, turbine water wheels, glass, candy, and other manufacturing processes. The buzz and hum, the clash and clatter, the whirl and whiz of all these machines create, along with the gay flag decorations and artistic touches of the exhibitors, one of the most exhilarating exhibitions that can be conceived. Nothing like it, nothing half so brilliant and animated did I see at the Centennial World's Fair in Philadelphia. Please to observe that by far the greater number of exhibitors and exhibits in this building are from north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers, and, by a long odds, the Northern exhibitors are in the most hopeful mood, and predicate the most profitable results from the exhibition.

Passing through the South Carolina building, on the north, into Railway Hall, the first object that greets the eye is a Temple of Ceres, on whose arches and pillars and obelisks is inscribed in golden grain and fruit letters the legend "Kansas." This is the most ingenious and artistic agricultural exhibit in the whole collection. Equally rich but not so showy are the exhibits of southern Arkansas and Texas in the same part of Railway Hall. The north wing of this hall is devoted to the singularly rich exhibits of the railways that extend through northwestern Georgia to the coal measures of Tennessee and Alabama, those that tap the agricultural and mineral wealth of the great Southwest as far as Texas, the roads that run through southwestern and southern Georgia to Florida and Alabama, and the great Topeka, Santa Fé, and Kansas railways. Here are the wines of North Carolina, the gold and gold ores of Georgia, the silver and copper and lead and gold ores of the Carolinas, the copper pigs of North Carolina, her amethysts and sapphires and rutiles and crystals and agates and plates of mica as large as window panes. The fountain playing in one wing of this hall throws its spray over specimens of the mineral wealth of Georgia, and a beautiful display it is. The geologists, along with their pamphlets and charts and maps, that can be found in this building; the railroad offices, with their schedules, and the intelligent exhibitors from all the sections traversed by these railways, make this hall a perfect guide and sign board to the tourist in Southern lands, whether he goes for profit, health, or pleasure.

In the annex to Railway Hall are collected the vegetable, mineral, and industrial exhibits of southwestern Georgia and south Alabama. Thomas County, in the extreme southwestern corner of Georgia, sends a bewildering display of native wines, canned and preserved fruits, including pears and other Northern fruits, along with the lemons, limes, citrons, figs, and oranges grown in that semi-tropical region. The exhibitors say that many of their orders for canned fruits and native wines come from Northern visitors, who resort to Thomasville every winter for health and pleasure.

Outside this "annex" are two turpentine stills, where the turpentine statistics of Georgia can be obtained, along with descriptions of the wondrous pine forests of southern Georgia, and not far distant is a pine log—a tree brought from that section, straight as an arrow, and measuring over 100 feet in length, or 80 feet of available timber for a ship mast. But why attempt to describe the various exhibits found in this fair? It takes eleven miles' walking to make the circuit of all the buildings, aisles, and grounds. There are 2,500 separate exhibits by as many exhibitors. Did the new South do all this work? No. More than half the capital subscribed and fully half the exhibits are from the North. More than half the men interested in the enterprise are Northern men. New England brains, energy, and machinery predominate in every detail. To the organizing ability of one man, the Director-General, H. I. Kimball, who five years ago was appreciated but little either South or North, are the present proportions of the enterprise admitted to be due. Who but H. I. Kimball could Mr. Atkinson of Boston have found to carry out his [illegible] scheme of a cotton exposition? And why are Mr. Atkinson and other New England and Northern men so much interested in this scheme?

In vague rumors and whispers around and among the buildings in Oglethorpe Park the frequent visitor to this exposition finds the true significance, the real meaning, of all this display. The curious ones mutter:

"This fair is nothing but a scheme to build up a New England cotton factory in this park. Look out! Kimball and his stockholders are only doing this to fill their own pockets."

"And what if Kimball and his stockholders do establish a factory town and enrich themselves?" is the reply of others. "Will it not develop this country, and make an outlet for the surplus factory labor of New England, the North, and Europe? Have they not more capital than they can invest profitably in their own lands? Does not this section need capital and skilled labor? Has not the $2,000 raised by a lottery approved and chartered by Georgia in 1788 (nearly five score years ago), for 'the purpose of erecting and carrying on the [illegible] of a cotton factory,' steadily increased until it has reached the sum of $5,000,000, every dollar paying handsome dividends?"

In addition to this, there are now two more companies that will shortly establish mills in Augusta, Ga., with a capital of over [illegible].

This is not all. These exhibits of minerals, coal, iron, gold, copper, silver, lead, manganese, gypsum, and asbestos found in Railway Hall have all been placed there by companies composed of both Northern and Southern men who are actively and profitably engaged in mining the same.

To show the national character of this exposition which has thrown itself into shape in such an incredibly short space of time, let us examine an exhibit near the centre of the main building. It consists of a collection of samples of cotton fabrics and cosmos, made by the Department of State of the United States through her consuls all over the world. It is, in fact, an epitome of the cotton trade of the world. Every sample is labelled with its place and cost of production. This is further made [illegible] by a report upon the same in book form issued by the Statistical Bureau of the Department of State, and with this book of reports in hand and the samples before them, the American cotton manufacturers and exporters have, with a few hours' study, all the [illegible] technical knowledge on this subject which it has taken Great Britain seventy-five or one hundred years to learn by experience [illegible] as well as successes. This part of the work of the Cotton Exposition originated in the [illegible] Gov. Morgan of Mississippi, and the [illegible] tion of the facts and arrangement [illegible] for this Exposition was made by [illegible] Hill of the Bureau of Statistics, Department of State, in Washington.

Thus it will be seen that this winter fair is a national affair—a movement among the [illegible] both North and South to [illegible] this great country [illegible].

To-day I learned from Mr. [illegible] of the Secretary of the Exposition [illegible] management are contemplating [illegible] time of the Exposition beyond the [illegible] uary, perhaps until the first of March. [illegible]